

The Tragedie

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteft my degree or your condition:
Your loue defrues my thanks, but my defect
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there no neede for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if neede were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiesty;
And make no doubt vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him,
But. My Lord this argues conscience in your grace
But the respects thereof are nice and triuall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* wife:
For first he was contracted to *Lady Lucie*,
Your mother liues, a witnessse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To *Bona* sister to the King of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension loathed bigamic,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

Of Richard the Third.

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince
More bitterly could expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limet to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to blesse vs and the land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of a busie time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

May. Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you

Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

Glo. Alas, why should you heape these cares on me

I am vnfit for state and dignity:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

But. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,

Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,

As well we know your tenderneffe of heart,

And gentle kind effeminate remorse,

Which we haue noted in you to youre kin,

And equally indeed to all estates,

Yet whether you except our sute or no,

Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our King,

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downefall of your house:

And in this resolution here I leaue you,

Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.

Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their sute.

Ans. Do good my Lord, least all the land doe rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind intreats,

Albeit against my conscience and my soule,

Cousen of *Buckingham*, and you sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on My backe,

To beare the burthen whether I will or no,

I must haue patience to endure the load,

H 2

But

